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ANTI-SLAVERY REPORTER.

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I.—RECENT COMMUNICATIONS FROM HAYTI.—(*Being the Journal of a Traveller in that Island.*)

II.—DONATIONS AND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

I.—RECENT COMMUNICATIONS FROM HAYTI,—*Continued from No. 79, p. 246.*

NOVEMBER 27th.* “I departed this day from Port-au-Prince, on my journey to the North, at about four o’clock, with a gentle stirring breeze and starry sky, and the moon just setting. The Portail of St. Joseph not being opened at this hour, I was compelled to ascend the marly heights near by, availing myself of a circuitous track, before I could get beyond the barrier. The morning being Saturday, the weekly market-day, a large concourse of the country people had assembled ready for the opening of the gates. The horses and asses were resting beneath the loaded Macontes, and men, women, and children, were seated dozing in groups to the amount of some hundred persons, by the side of their wearied animals. We were obliged to pick our way, through these knots of persons, and did not find the obstructions less when we got fairly on the road, the continued companies of marketers, pressing on in cavalcades of twenties, thirties, and fifties, covering the whole space of the highway five deep, with horses and asses burthened to treble their natural bulk, crossing and recrossing our path, as they sought their road through the more beaten tracks after the recent autumnal rains. I attempted to form some calculation of the number of loaded animals I had passed, between the city gate and the cross road of Drouillard, when I quitted to the West, the principal thoroughfare of the plains—and found they must have amounted to no less than three hundred.

“There was some cultivation to the right-hand and the left of the road leading to the ford of the Grande Rivière. It ceases here to flow a wide shallow current through unembowered borders. The stream was narrow and deep above and below the ford, entirely sheltered with full foliaged forest-trees, making altogether a pretty road scene. Some spacious well-built newly erected cottages were on its northern bank, and some very respectable looking provision plantations, with a few cane fields.”

* The portion of the journal from this date to that of the 29th of November inclusive, viz. the journal of the 27th, 28th, and 29th, of November 1830, was accidentally omitted in its proper place. It ought to have come in, in No. 79, at p. 238, between the journal of the 15th of November and the 9th of December 1830.

"We now began to approach the dark purple mountains that run east and west, northward of the plain, but turned westward, parallel to them at Cibert.

"Cibert is a place celebrated by the contest which after the death of Dessalines, proved disastrous to Pétion, in his struggle with Christophe for the presidency of the republic. The Old French Colony was after this event divided into two states under the government of the Rival Chieftains. It was through the neighbouring morass, extending to the foot of the mountains as they stretch out in headlands to seaward, that Pétion made his perilous escape in a fisherman's boat, without a single adventurer to accompany him. Gaining the opposite shores of the bay, he there gathered a little army of followers, who soon after triumphed, in the south, over his more powerful antagonist."

"On rising from the marsh lands of the Cul-de-Sac, to gain the road at the foot of the first marly promontory, we arrive at the 'stinking springs,' or 'sources puantes.' Their appearance immediately impresses the mind with their extraordinary qualities. Beneath the rocks of the mountains issues, with a bubbling motion, water clear as a spotless crystal, flowing over a bed of earth so brightly green, that the most brilliant emeralds cannot exceed it in lustre. As the waters flow on with a silent rapid current, amid small jagged rocks, concentered from its own deposit, breaking and diversifying its course, it throws up, from the green slime of its channel, masses of yellow earth. These accumulate on its surface, sink again into the depths from which they rose, or stopping, then moving suddenly onward adhere to the banks. A sepulchral odour scents the whole atmosphere. There springs no vegetation on its banks, but in the midst of the little islands which the meandering waters make, the sombre red mangrove, a tree of elegant foliage, with crimson bark and olive tinted leaves, grows here and there solitarily, like a tree of life planted by the waters of death. Neither bird, nor beast, nor insect is seen there; and no creature, but the solitary traveller speeding away from the spot as if it bore a curse. The sound of the freshening sea is heard, but not seen, murmuring with a constant roll. Behind, the bright blue mountains stretch far away, seeming a perilous journey into unknown plains; and before, the rocky road winds into a wilderness.

"A rocky promontory, a small bay with pellucid waters, a few mangroves standing into the sea; palms and agaves; torch thistles, opuntias, lobed cartuses and acacias, with the distant mountains, and the ocean; a picture just beyond the 'sources puantes,' form the last pleasingly extensive prospect, between the Cul-de-Sac and Arca-haye. A hill by the road-side near it, just within the barren district, bears vestiges of the encampment of Christophe's rear guard when he retreated before Port-au-Prince, in March, 1812. After a hot and dreary ride, large many-coloured troops of goats, lying out in the road and browsing in the wilds, where they thrive on the aromatic plants, brought us to some poor looking dwellings, where a good stream of water was sufficient to nourish patches of provisions and

grass for a few cattle. Here beneath a rock of marl, barren and parched, a fine spring called Source Malta, pours out another transparent flood. The grove of tall trees, which shadow this rivulet, was the resort of the animals of the neighbourhood.

"Other travellers who had been making their repast by these shades descended like myself to refresh themselves and horses at this fountain in the desert. Here we found the birds chanting their wild songs, and insects and reptile life rejoicing, amid flower and foliage, that they had found a green island in the wilderness. The freshness and fragrancy of this spot was a striking contrast to the scene we had so lately left by the waters of the 'stinking springs.'

"To Boucassin is a sultry journey, not long but tedious, occasionally with more depth of soil, but for the want of streams to irrigate it, producing the same desert vegetation."

"Boucassin was formerly a small nucleus of houses and lime kilns. The canals of irrigation crossing the road here gave it a little cultivation, but the soil is stony and sterile. There are yet some large bananeries, and some few cottages, but finding that I could not obtain grass for my horses, I was obliged to proceed on and rest, through the sultry noon, within the confines of what is properly called the plain of Arcahaye.

"The principal portion of this once fertile plain lies desolate. The amphitheatre of dark verdureless hills that bound it, bearing on their brows the evidence of irreclaimable sterility, would scarcely lead to the supposition that it had been once the most abundantly productive district of the Colony. The sombre yellow and purple crags, the wild and dismal precipices that rise with a commanding elevation, served then however to heighten, by contrast, the green beauty of fields which patient labour and artificial canals had rendered fertile and fresh. The earth is a deep alluvial soil, very light, a mixture of marl and vegetable mould. It is traversed by large ravines which we twice crossed in the journey. The frequent small bridges that covered the water courses were broken, and no longer receive the collected streams of the uplands. During the divisions of the monarchy of the North and the Republic of the South, all the lands that lay by the borders of the sea, between Montroni and Boucassin, were a sort of neutral ground, abandoned to waste and destruction. The President has however established, since the union, three sugar properties between Boucassin and Arcahaye, called Manegre, Guariche, and Torcelle. Menagre and Guariche, are passed on either hand, the former having a good set of works, and both are well fenced in with campeche hedges, in the best verdure and condition. The streams here pour abundant floods through the fields, and keep the roads moist in the driest season. These cultivated spots, amid the hungry wilds around them, were like Milton's light, serving to make darkness visible. Were it not for them, such is the abandoned condition of fields said to have produced heretofore 20,000lbs. weight of sugar to the carreau, that scarcely a demarcation would exist at this day between fertility and barrenness.

"L'Arcahaye is a little town on the sea, pleasantly commanding a

view of the gulf between Leogane and its own shores, and rendered agreeable by the passing and repassing of the ships to the port of the city. In the time of the Colony it contained seventy houses covered with shingles; some spacious, and galleried all round. The high road to St. Mark's lay through it. Its great resource was its embarcadere for the produce of the plains; the marchandes or shopkeepers, finding here also an advantageous market for their commodities among its large population of cultivators, and the numerous fishermen, who resorted to it as a convenient locality for Port-au-Prince. At present it contains none of its ancient buildings except its church, a large edifice, situated in the centre of the town. The broad slanting buttresses which support its walls, give it the appearance of an immense tent, the temporary encampment of some shiek of the desert, with his hord of bedouin retainers arranged about him; for the enclosure of ill looking huts which forms the square, is the most miserable specimen of a town I have yet witnessed. A few of the trees which bordered the place d'armes yet remain, and the ruins of the old foundations break through the earth, and enable the eye to trace the lines of its former streets. There are now some half a dozen well built houses erected in it. There is no Commune, the principal body of its population being the provision gardeners, who take advantage of the sea, on whose confines their lands are situated, to convey in small sailing boats their produce to the weekly market of Port-au-Prince. It is estimated a distance of about twenty-six miles of water. It was here that some of the earliest meetings of the planters were held when they determined to invite the occupation of St. Domingo by the British troops;—an occurrence that brought nothing but misfortune, disgrace and disappointment, undertaken as it was, to bring back the Colony to the domination of the slave master, after years of successful revolt had shaken his authority to the dust.*

“On my arrival in Arcachaye, I had waited at the Commandant's for the purpose of having my passport examined, but learning from a female reclining at length on her mat beneath the shadow of a tree before his cottage, that he was not then in town, and not expected before sunset, and determining, if possible, to proceed on my journey at a seasonable hour the following day, I was willing to profit by the day light, and rambled about examining every where, and enquiring into every thing. I had set myself down to sketch a view of the church, with the broad crimson glare of the setting sun flickering on the surface of the sea, and had nearly finished the drawing, when a dragoon soldier came to me, and with a great air of deference and respect requested I would accompany him to the commandant, who seeing me a stranger in the town, with a book, taking notes, was anxious to learn whence I came and what I was doing. The production of my passport, and the assurance I had observed that was required from me in waiting *on him* at the “*place*” immediately on my arrival, scarcely sufficed to relax his brow of austere authority,

* See Malenfant's remarks on this event, and on one of its principal promoters, Lapointe, a native of L'Arcachaye.

inasmuch as I did not wait *for him*; but the production of the president's letter, and the secretary general's introduction to every officer of distinction in my route, drew from him a shower of apologies for his suspicion. Our mutual explanations, in all which I had no reason to complain of any departure from the most deferential behaviour on his side, ended in offers of service, and the sentimental declaration (when he understood the object of my mission) that though Hayti did not dread her enemies, she indeed, needed the helping hand of her friends. I certainly thought Arcahaye a pretty fair evidence of the extent to which she would have to tax their indulgence.

"November 28th. It was the Sunday market, and the village marchandes had their stalls of cloths set out with cottons of the prevailing patterns. A large body of well dressed country people were one while devotees at the church, and at another, sellers and purchasers in the market place.

"The president has a fine estate, called Poids le General, near the town, on which are located some of the Americans, brought to the Republic and left in his care by the philanthropist Miss Frances Wright, the rest being upon the neighbouring properties I have already mentioned. Here also are about eight families of other American settlers,* who have just taken up a lease of lands for about seven years. These I visited this morning; they have now about twenty-five acres in tillage, and as many more cleared for pasturing their cows and asses. They are a fine race of sturdy, plain, intelligent men. Their lands are in excellent order; for the want of campeache only temporarily fenced in, but well stocked with provisions, canes and corn. They related to me the history of their disasters since their arrival in Hayti. Destitute of experience as agriculturists, they had expended their little capital in fruitless endeavours to establish themselves on the locations given them by the government. Being irritated by disappointment, they imprudently abandoned their settlements and proceeded to the capital; but finding few opportunities there, this rashness aggravated their distresses to absolute destitution. In this state, these eight families becoming accidental acquaintances, they determined on trying a scheme of united industry, within reach of the market of the city, willing to be contented with moderate expectations from patient industry. With a fund among them all of not more than ten dollars Haytian currency, about twenty shillings sterling, they purchased tools, cleared a stretch of the forest on the borders of the cane fields of Poids le General, and diligently pursuing the system of industry which experience warranted them in considering the best, they have found themselves in the enjoyment of comparative comfort and comparative wealth. They have cows, pigs, and poultry, adequate for their sustenance, and their surplus produce conveyed to Port-au-Prince, by water, and sold there, yields them the easy means of supplying their extraordinary household wants. They had not yet reaped their canes; but the president's mill grinds them on a payment of one

* The names of three are Stokeley, Watkins, and Alexander.

quarter of the fabricated syrup, the other three-quarters being added to their general stock. They spoke contentedly of their fortunes, but regretted the absence of religious instruction, and of schools for their children, as serious privations to men, whose prudent and reflecting habits had taught them to look at these things as the most important considerations of life. They however said they felt no occasion, under all the sufferings they had endured since they quitted America, to regret that they had left a country whose policy towards them had rendered their days a source of continued bitterness—an existence in which the past brought no pleasing recollections, and in which the future was cheered by no redeeming or consolatory hope.

“Poids le general was but a moderate walk from the town of L'Arcahaye. I was returning on foot from thence when I was overtaken on the road by Colonel Fremont, who learning I was in the town had come in search of me to offer me the hospitality of his “habitation.” Thither I proceeded with the intention of remaining all night, and occupying the afternoon in seeing as much of the plains as I could survey on a short excursion.

“Colonel Fremont is the unmixed descendant of an ancient free black family of Grand Goire, or Miragonne, whose merit had procured for them, even in the prejudices of the ancien regime, the distinction of the fleur de lys. The Colonel is a person of considerable talent, and a close and subtle reasoner. He was nominated to the important and confidential service of a mission to France, to settle the definitive treaty guaranteeing the independence of the republic. His estate in the Arcahaye arrondissement is a portion only of the old sugar plantation of Cotard. An infructuous attempt has been made to re-establish it. It is however worthy of a visit for its extensive gardens, richly planted in fruit trees, particularly in well selected grape vines. Colonel Fremont has devoted great attention to the construction of hedges, the whole grounds are very minutely subdivided with *campeche*, planted in double rows with a small rill of water running between, so as to ensure their healthy and rapid growth under a most exhausting sky. I observed here trees grafted by a very peculiar process. It consisted in planting side by side, two judiciously selected young trees, of the requisite affinities, such as the shaddock and the sweet orange for instance, and by interwreathing the stems, in a simple rope plait of two layers, and pressing the bark one upon another effecting their union, and thus communicating the requisite interchange of meliorating sap. The process is simple, speedy, and secure in its effects.

“November 29th. I passed by moonlight the walls of Poids la ravine, and the grassy plains of Les Vases, with its tranquil cottages, and extensive white ruins like a feudal castle of old, embayed in the dark rough mountains of the Mardi gras. The vestiges in Les Vases which seemed so large and magnificent, unless the moon's radiance deceived me, must have been the sugar works of a highly valuable estate. The situation was beautiful, though on the verge of one of the most dreary tracts in the whole department of the west.

“I had now traversed the whole of the plain of L'Arcahaye. Under the Indian Caciques, this district was a part of the province of Cahaya,

a dependency of the principality of Xaragua. Its agricultural capabilities drew the attention of the French colonists to irrigating it, at a time when the four rivers, des Matheux, de l'Arcahaye, des Bretelles, and du Boucassin, had poured their streams during many years of European domination from the ravines of its arid mountains, through fields scarcely less parched and unproductive. By a judicious distribution of these four rivers, the coerced labour of a numerous population converted the dry waste into a magnificent garden. The plain situated in an amphitheatre, by the sea side, has five leagues from east to west. The cantons of Les Vases, and le Boucassin, being its two extremities, and L'Arcahaye and les Bretelles its centre. Its soil was light, a marly friable earth, the alluvial deposit of the neighbouring mountains. It formerly contained 48 sugar estates of from forty to twenty carreaux in extent. Indigo and cotton were also cultivated where the earth was less reclaimable. By one species of laborious tillage or the other, the whole plain was covered with productive vegetation. If what Moreau de St. Merey says be true, that they replanted after the second rejettons, the toil must have been excessive to those whose destiny it was to till the fields. When I passed through this district which, I have remarked already, comprised the frontier of the two divisions of the north and south, when Christophe and Petion were opposing chieftains, the agriculture was in that abandoned condition inseparable from a long series of hostile conflicts, during which the population had fled. The insecurity in which they must necessarily have lived, the uncertainty of ever reaping the produce of their tillage, rendered it a useless hardihood to remain, or folly to indulge a resolution to out-brave danger and disquiet, when only success must have tempted the predatory incursions of an enemy.* In contemplating the desolateness which now so generally reigns, though it is melancholy to perceive how much a civil war has with a destroying arm, wrought all this devastation, there are other causes which must be taken into account. Before these plains gave their extraordinary harvest of productive industry, they yielded very little of indigenous vegetation. They were covered with plants rather ligneous, than arborescent. The riant foliage of those gardens which succeeded them, was fed by never-failing springs. As soon as they were deserted, the canals became choked up with the herbage the waters attracted. The fruit tree, as well as the herb, perished for the want of that care and salutary moisture, by which they might be said, to have been created in such a soil. The earth, once more laid bare to the action of a burning sun, on a coast where the breezes of the sea are faint, tardy, and inconstant, beneath mountains whose dry rocks are only at long intervals of days and months, sheltered by a cloud, has become in some circumstances hard, in others pulverulent, but in all desert and dry. The periodical rains, that now alone moisten it, rapidly evaporate. Cultivation is now limited by the

* The last calamity that L' Arcahaye sustained, when it was left a complete heap of ruins, was by the retreating army of Christophe in 1812.

scantiness of the inhabitants, and though the tranquillity of the country has in some instances induced the former proprietors to return, and even has led adventurers among them, the poverty of the people enabled them to do little more than raise provisions for their own subsistence, and for the city market. We have seen that agriculture here depends wholly on irrigation, that the long droughts which in this district more than any other succeed the abundance of the periodical rains, renders artificial means absolutely essential to make the fields productive. To restore the ancient works is a labour of vast expense, and whatever prudence might suggest, or a wise economy inculcate, the sight of the ruins of what the unrequited toil of slavery raised, freedom which looks to an adequate return for its labour, and without which it cannot be stimulated into action, must, as long as it is associated with poverty, continue to gaze at the vestiges of former laboriousness, and lament at the destruction which each day of neglect increases without attempting to remedy it.

“The sun almost immediately rose after the lingering lustre of the setting moon had faded away. The hills that I had ascended from Les Vases, formed the high road leading to the torrent stream of Montroni, a construction of the year 1751. It rises and sinks incessantly, traversing thickets of the bromelia, the aloe, the acacia, the opuntia, the cactus, and the cereus, interspersed with the yellow leaves of the gomier, and the dark verdure of the guaiacum. The mountains, which are a frightful scarp of precipices, covered with dry grass and ragged arborescent vegetation, were just lighted on their tips by the yellow radiance of the morning sun. They range from east to west, a little northward, so that their mighty masses were long enveloped in shadow. The air being remarkably dry and clear, they stood forth a huge dark embattlement, so near and distinctly shadowy to the eye, that it seemed as if a stone cast at them might have half reached their summit, and rebounded again to the spot where I was passing. It was a sort of awful consciousness of really being at the foot of the mountains. They appeared an impenetrable barrier. From the side from which I beheld them there seemed to exist no ravine to render them practicable to the human foot. These are the heights of Matheux, which Le Croix traversed from the more accessible side of the mountain, with the division of Boudet after the fight of the Crête a pierrot, to dislodge the bands of Charles Belair. His narrative is a comparative detail of the difficulties of these rocks, with those he surmounted when he gained with the French army the passes of the Alps, by the passage of Splugen. ‘Craggs and glens,’ he observes, ‘are similar every where in the Alps, the trees are of uniform height and the thickets accessible. In these tropical regions, the underwoods are thorns, and the trees of an altitude so immense, that where the eye can scarcely measure them, the arm can remove them only by the assistance of time as well as labour.’ With the increasing day light they still retained their desolate sublimity. For a succession of miles there was the same awful dreariness. The eye rested unrecreated by a single soothing object. The beaten track which formed the road, was a pathway amid angular fragments of rock, so

extremely fatiguing, that I found it a relief to get down and walk. The geology presented a tabular and a compact limestone as the structure of the mountains. It was here I first had an opportunity of inspecting the *pita*, or *cabuya* aloe in blossom. A silver green bell shaped flower, terminating in a petal of five points, that drooped its arrowy head over the road, 25 and 30 feet above its stiff radiated leaves, among the feathered tribes which relieve the solitariness of this journey, though few yielded any melody. The elegant bird, the *Taco*, with azure grey plumage and tufous wings—crept like a cat along the stems of the large trees in search of insects. The wild doves chanted their melancholy descants amid the steepes, and a small species of hawk delicately formed, and prettily marked with dappled plumage, rose and descended with rapidity, from some conspicuous branch of a tree, to its prey, the numerous lizards and insects which make these deserts their abode. They are very numerous in all this district. I have never seen them hovering for their quarry.

“A jutting angle of this range of mountains descends in a rugged steep to the sea, just before entering Montroni. This was the first post within the territory of Christophe, and none could pass or re-pass the guard, constantly stationed here, without incurring a dangerous suspicion from the King's officers.

“Notwithstanding the barren aspect of the mountains of L'Arcahaye on the southern side, those which looked towards the interior are said to be highly fertile, and though wild, are picturesque and beautiful. The coffee plantations of Mattheux and Fond Baptist are still excellent, and in the district called les Oranges, beyond the Morne Terrible, a number of American families have established habitations which universal report represents as admirably cultivated.

“L'Arcahaye is remarkable for fish and wild fowl. The aquatic birds, such as the *Becasse* and *Becassin* (Woodcock and Snipe), and the *Duck* and *Teal*, are numerous in the autumnal season, and afford days of agreeable shooting to parties from the city. There are abundance of wild doves at all times.

“Montroni, a dry and barren declivity of the mountain, bears the vestiges of aqueducts and the ruins of sugar works; an evidence of how much its ancient appearance was different from its present condition. Here I rested through the noon at a way side cottage. Of the stone bridge that strided the high banks of the torrent, only a small fragment remains. Its destruction was effected by some extraordinary floods, not many years ago. I observed in its stream, (a cataract wildly rushing to the sea), a curious evidence of the patient labour with which the small fry ascend the rivers. Thousands were clustered on the rocks of the fretful torrent, to which they adhered by their slime, and worked their way from stone to stone, using the extremity of their bodies like the scull of a boat, steering through the intermediate tranquil basins with amazing rapidity, and ascending the stream by shoals. It was an amusing as well as interesting exhibition of the simple processes of instinct; the school of observation in which the Indian of old learnt all his philosophy.

“The hill of Montroni is a congeries of calcareous pebbles of great

density, but the level point of land below, which its river irrigates, is brilliantly verdant. The prospect of this plain in crossing the river opens pleasantly with a few cottages, on the banks of one of the artificial rivulets, under the shelter of some large and well leafed trees. The road now descends to the sea shadowy and cool, with frequent brooks washing across it in little cascades, on which the bamboos and the campeache spread their branches, having the blue and the yellow convolvulus wreathed among them in tufted blossom. There is some cultivation here amid trimmed hedge rows, and the fine buildings of Delogé, another of the President's plantations, (an object I had remarked when tacking day after day in the channel of St. Mark's,) enabled me to recognize familiarly every scene I had dwelt upon when I first beheld, at a near view, the shores of Hayti. The road diverges from the sea shore over the Cape of St. Mark's within a line of sandy hills. A small sombre lake of miry waters, which we passed within the bosom of these hills, is at this time visited by the numerous wild ducks in their periodical irrigations. Beyond this lagoon Bois-neuf, a property of General Bonnet's, is pleasantly situated by the fresh sylvan scenes of the brook of Rosseaux. The cultivators' cottages enliven the road on one hand, and the water works of the estate on the other. One of the many crosses which the pious toils of Father Ambrosio, the worthy cure of St. Mark's, had caused to be erected to awaken a devout spirit among the people, stands beneath a grove by the side of the streamlet. The hills here have a gentle undulation of campeache woodlands. A fine laminated free stone skirts the highway, and forms frequently the very surface of the road. The scene is altogether agreeable—a lime kiln and a cottage or two are the only evidences of inhabitants, the lands not being generally fertile.

I reached the sea on the other side of the Cape, just as the sun was setting, and the full moon rising over the Vigie of St. Mark's. Its white walls, the remains of all that was once magnificent, shone lonely and splendid in the meek lustre of the evening. The winds were dying away, and the lulling ocean rolling its sullen waves glittering to the beach. Not a boat burthened its waters; so much was the city changed.

"Near the southern Portail stands the cemetery, an uninclosed spot, cleared away from the thickets. At the gate of the fosse a lazy captain of the guard, stretched on his evening mat, from which he would not deign to rise, demanded my passport. With the most provoking minuteness he spelt over every word, still lying on his back. Ordering the horses to be turned about, he examined, in this position, their marks and descriptions—a laxity of discipline which the republic tolerates, but which no man dared to indulge in, when St. Mark's was a frontier city, and Christophe was king."

The *Réporter* No. 79, p. 238 to p. 246, contains the sequel of this Journal from the 29th of November to the 31st of December, 1830. We proceed to insert that part of it which follows the latter date.

"JANUARY 1, 1831.—I attended the entertainment of the previous night at the General's, given at the joint expence of some of the best

Haytian families in the town : it was a ball, at which were present visitors of all complexions—the fair features of European hills, and the black of African deserts. There were the usual succession of French quadrilles, and the national dance, the caraibiné. The ladies were attired with the simple elegance which peculiarly characterizes the country; all was hilarity, tempered by that polite cordiality which makes the best sort of intercourse in social life. Towards morning, the company took leave of the good and respected General, with the usual French benediction for the opening year, and then retired to their devotions at the church; the Catholics always celebrating at this period in the vicissitudes of revolving time.

“In the morning, at daybreak, the military assembled in the Place d’Armes of Gonaives, to celebrate the fête of Independence. The General, accompanied by his staff, and the civil authorities in their respective costumes of ceremony, escorted by a detachment of the national guard, and preceded by one of the regimental bands, ascended the altar of the country, as it is called; a sort of rostrum in the centre of the church parade, erected in every city, town, and village of the Republic. Here a speech was delivered by the son of General Beauvoir, a well-educated black person, in which the usual themes of liberty and independence were expatiated upon, and the duty inculcated of making every sacrifice to maintain both inviolable.”

“January 4.—I rode along the Carenage this evening, and climbed the Morne Blanche, in a visit to Fort Castries. The building is in ruins, but the situation defensible; the mound on which it is erected, at the mouth of the inner harbour, being scarcely assailable from the sea. The hill is entirely detached from the main land. Had any points of the uncastellated rock been gained, loop-holes, thick set in the walls of the fortress, were intended to facilitate the resistance of the garrison. Within the mangrove shoals, which embay the Carenage, are deep narrow inlets, where the largest vessels may lie close beneath the cliffs of the battery. Little peninsulas stretch along the beach to seaward, forming secure harbours for small craft, should strong winds from the shore render the Carenage difficult to be gained. No person can view the capabilities of the Gonaives bay without interest.

“January 5.—A funeral of the wife of the Lieut. Colonel this evening, the most ostentatiously splendid of any I had witnessed in Hayti, would lead me to describe their ceremonies of respect to the dead in this place.

“All the principal inhabitants of the town attended. The females were in white, with the never omitted coiffure of mourning, the white kerchief; the gentlemen in half-mourning, white and black; the public functionaries, both civil and military, following the family in full costume. The company spread themselves in the rear, in an irregular assemblage, among whom were interspersed a number of females bearing lighted tapers of wax. The whole was preceded by one of the servitors of the priest, bearing the crucifix; then came the servant of the altar, with the chalice of burning incense. The priest,

with the chapters of the funeral service on either hand, followed. After these came four female bearers, holding the pall by each corner, the body being already in the church, where it had lain in state. The military band headed the whole cortège.

"The church, with the corpse lying in state, had been already illuminated, with a great profusion of candles. While the service, both in the church and out of it by the grave at the cemetery, was being read, the whole female congregation knelt. It was conducted with great order and decorum, and no sound heard but the shrill and sudden scream of an aged and disconsolate mother, weeping for her child, 'because she was not, and refusing to be comforted.'

"January 6.—I journeyed along the borders of the Quinte this afternoon. The stream had entirely disappeared, nothing but the bare round pebbles being to be seen. I passed through little De Cahos, a village of cottages, pleasantly situated amid a few palmettos, and by the side of fine fields of millet and cotton, with well planted enclosures of campeache, and proceeded on to Cocherel, one of the estates under the management of Toussaint when Governor, but now desolate. The adjoining property of the officer of the Rural Police was admirably cultivated, and the little cottage and farm-yard, with its thatched out-buildings, and hut-formed pigeon-house, afforded an agreeable picture of simple and humble life. The soil of this district is a deep dark mould, and, notwithstanding the deficiency of water, highly fertile. The old aqueducts, which a few years ago commanded a stream of refreshing waters, stood dry; their canals bordered the woodland roads. I re-crossed the river-bed, and returned into the town by another route, after a ride of three leagues.

"January 8.—I was surprised just now, in coming from the market, by a voice behind me, telling me that the whole town had sent 'bon jour' to me. I looked round, but not immediately recognizing the person who addressed me, I was disposed to walk on, thinking I was in error as to my being the object of regard, when the person stepping two paces forward, accosted me with the remark, that perhaps Monsieur did not readily recognize, in his present dress, the guide from the mountains the other day. I now saw that it was indeed the same modest, good natured countenance, for he scarcely ever spoke without such a shew of his white well-set teeth, as bespoke a soul full of benignity and careless joy; he was, however, no longer en militaire, but dressed in his turbanet, with his broad straw hat, and jacket of peasant green, and white trowsers, with his ornamented stick. His week of guard service had been up, and he was now a simple cultivator, attending the market for the sale of his *recolte* and the stocking of his cottage. Repeating the former salutation, he begged to know how I had been since he came down to town with me, assuring me that all my village friends at Ennery, feeling an interest in my prosperity, would be rejoiced to hear of my continued health; then with the usual 'grace a Dieu,' for every acknowledgement of daily blessings, he parted from me, with the easy genteel bow of a well-bred man, though one of the merest peasants of the

mountain, and with that free, brisk, erect walk, impressed by the habitual consciousness of liberty, a trait of character never wanting in the demeanour of the Haytian.

“I would remark here, that every village in Hayti may be said to be garrisoned, at least every small township or bourgade is a military post, under the command of a Colonel or Captain Commandant, with a suitable guard, who, besides regulating all matters connected with the order, appointment, and duty of the soldiery, assists the civil authority in the execution of justice. Nothing but the dress, the small sword (*briquet*), and the body accoutrements of the soldier, are in his own custody. His arms are deposited in the guard-room of his Captain, from whence they are taken at the times of the periodical musters, the rendezvous of each company being the Captain's house. It is only a portion of the regiment that is on constant duty. As the residence of every Captain is a sort of arsenal, a guard appointed from his company performs duty there, as at a cazerne or barrack, for a week. The whole company being subdivided into guards, and each taking his turn of periodical duty, it occurs that there are long intervals when the men are relieved from the exactions of military life. In these intervals, they are employed in handicraft labour, or in the cultivation of the land, and assume generally the habits of the people—the ‘*jaquet*’ of the artizan, or the ‘*varais*’ of the cultivator. By this arrangement, their utility as citizens is increased, but their spirit and discipline, as an effective military body, materially neutralized. Their pay and allowance not being as much as the earnings of a day labourer, many of those who think time of value, and the happiness of life something better than the luxury of repose, when their time of weekly guard recurs, are indulged with the permission to pursue undisturbedly their avocations, by paying for a substitute, under special arrangement with the Captain. This circumstance affords an opportunity for extortion, both from the soldier under command, and from the revenue; in the first place, by exacting more than is allowed the substitute, by some shew of unwillingness to grant the relief required; secondly, by pocketing the money without employing such substitute; and thirdly, by reporting to the Colonel a fulfilment of duty on the part of the individual, either in person or by a *locum tenens*—drawing the pay of a soldier on guard whose omissions have subjected him to a forfeiture of it, and pocketing that too.

“January 11.—Taking leave of my generous and kind hearted friends at Gonaives, I departed on my journey to the Cape. My road was by the carrefour of the Poteau, mentioned before as the highway to the great northern city. We left the Ennery road to the right hand, and pursued the windings of La Coupe to the Escalier, of which I had heard so much, both for the wonders of art and of nature, that I felt a sort of joy that I was now on my way to traverse it. The sterile thickets, on either side of the road, shewed many of those trees I had either taken or mistaken for ebony, with beautiful thick spreading heads, small leaflets, dense and darkly green, but armed with numerous intermediate thorns. We crossed the Ennery river,

winding between the mountains above the plains, to gain, by a circuitous route, its passage to the sea.

From la Coupe à Pintade to the summit of the Escalier, if the distance from Gonaïves to the church of Plaisance be truly stated at fourteen leagues or forty-two miles, are four leagues of wearisome mountain journey; but the toils of the traveller are infinitely repaid by the grandeur of the scenery. Rocks, foliage, and water are intermingled with the striking effects of human labour and skill, by which a wild ravine of crags and precipices has been made a perfectly practicable road.

The pass of the Escalier is a rocky glen, washed by a stream that breaks into a multiplicity of small falls over the bare masses of the mountain, so that the whole river is a continuous cataract. In the bottoms and along the more practicable steepes of the ravine are occasional coffee plantations and bananeries, some formed from the reoccupation of the old estates, but others newly formed, a fact sufficiently indicated by the young and regularly set trees. A few cottages are on the steepes, and at one little dwelling place, in the shelter of the vale, we saw a female busily engaged in bleaching wax, the product of the wild honeycomb. When within about five miles of the summit of the chasm glen, the scene begins to assume all those features of the grand and terrific which the crags surmounted by overhanging trees, the roar and rush of the torrent river, the wild creepers winding their flowery cordage from branch to branch, the shadowed cliffs, the bright leaves below, and the brighter skies above, could give to it. The first impressive picture that arrests the sight, is the long line of stupendous wall, formed by the cliffs of tabular limestone, crowned by a border of forest trees, that twine their fantastic roots amid the blossoming shrubs into the crevices, waving their foliage above you, like shrubbery on a ruined battlement. Here the noonday breeze rushes past with a cooling and solitary murmur, and the river, whose concealed waters sweep audibly at the foot of the cliff, is seen glittering in daylight a little further on by the side of some magnificent wild fig trees, standing out in the middle of the dell, with their heads flickering in the sun. The whole scene here is varied and romantic, and with a group of mountaineers descending in their many coloured dresses and coiffed heads, winding on their way from shadow into light as when I saw it, has a character somewhat more embellished, but equally savage with some of the wildest scenery that *Salvator Rosa* ever painted. Beside the occasional travellers that we met, to convince us that these rocks had their inhabitants, we saw, from distance to distance, women washing clothes at the stream, and children and grown people with their gourds and calabas cruches of water, threading the steepes up to the wild coffee shrubberies above the dell. After crossing the stream, at the last intersection of the road, we soon reached the district peculiarly termed the Escalier. The pathway had been already sufficiently steep and rugged, the horses having to pick their way painfully among the broken rocks of the torrent, but from the first moment of reaching the narrow chasm with its bare white precipices of compact lime stone, some hundred feet in height, the road

is a paved wall, filling half the space between cliff and rock, the other half being a conduit for the mountain torrents, that rush down the precipitous descent in the seasons of rain with great violence and rapidity. The ascent is frightfully steep, but its difficulties have been most judiciously and elaborately overcome by a zig-zag pathway, in a space almost as narrow as a stair-case. Away now go the rider and his horse, mounting incessantly upwards as if he were climbing by a ladder to the skies above, till suddenly he opens into slanting steep covered with trimmed coffee shrubs darkly green, and gaining the sunny summit of the gorge, sees a cluster of quiet cottages, and finds himself gazing from a high mountain upon one of the most beautiful valleys in creation. The romantic magnificence of the scene is wonderfully increased by the unexpected manner in which the wild and difficult journey leads to it; and something like the silent surprise of enchantment engrosses the mind when first surveying it. Those who, in reading the history of Rasselas, have endeavoured to picture the scene of the Happy Valley, may have succeeded in forming an ideal similitude of this assemblage of magnificence and beauty. The ancient colonists, to express its charms, gave it the name of the vale of Plaisance.

“The Escalier is the recent construction of Colonel Thomas, a Negro of the English Island of St. Christopher's, a meek, intelligent, but simple and uneducated man. It exhibits consummate skill, and a wonderful degree of patient labour. The immense masses of rock which filled the bottom of the chasm, were reduced to fragments by a fortunate process, discovered by mere accident, but advantageously applied to the erection of the road. The trees which filled the pathway, and which it was necessary in the first instance to clear away, could only be removed from the hollow glen by burning them where they were felled. In the progress of this labour it was found that the huge rocks of limestone, heated by the fire, had broken into shivers after a shower of rain, and now lay in a heap of small fragments where formerly they stood an immoveable mass. This accidental discovery enabled the director of the works not merely to overcome every obstacle, but to apply the materials, so conveniently gathered on the spot, to the walling and paving of the chasm, and thus to build a road, where they had thought they should have been compelled to create one by mining. Perhaps the Commentators on the March of Hannibal over the Alps, described in Livy as effected by dissolving the rocks, will find the apparent incredibility of the story sufficiently explained away, by the process of pouring water on the heated limestone, as practised by another African in constructing another Alpine road, the Escalier of Plaisance.

“The scenery of Plaisance valley and mountains owes nothing of its surprising charms to contrast with the barren dreariness of Gonaives, though certainly the green freshness of the hills and vales, and the bright azure of the cloud cap mountain peaks are in perfect opposition to the sterile steep and embrowned savannas I had been so recently acquainted with. The scenery is in itself surpassingly beautiful and enchanting. The majesty of the surrounding hills, the fertility of

the outstretched valleys, the distant mountains light yet 'darkly delicate,' the vegetation riant and fresh, the cottages neat and standing out prominently on the little jutting eminences that push into the principal valley, have that sort of singular richness and diversity seen in pictures that are rather more Chinese than Indian.

"The road wound with frequent short angles down the face of the mountain into the valley, between cottages and garden hedges. The soil was a bright red earth, the product of an aluminous deposit spread over a bed of sandstone of fine compact-lamina. The valley was traversed by a clear stream, one of the branches of the 'Trois Rivières.' It was bordered by bamboo thickets, clumps of eugenia, shrubberies of wild chesnuts in blossom, and orange trees heavy with fruit, having the palm and a multiplicity of other foliage intermingled; but those first particularised were especially prevalent. At first the stream came murmuring on a mere brook, eventually it increased to a river, sometimes tranquil and sometimes flowing rapidly. There was a good deal of wood in progress of being cleared in the valley and about the hills as we passed; the smoke of the burning ascending upwards in frequent dense volumes in many places. We overtook a group of persons carrying up towards the bourgade a log of timber, fifty feet in length. The labourers were all men, but superintended by a negress, astride on horseback, with the broad peasant hat on her head, and a manchet or small cultivator's sword in her hand. She had with her on foot a girl about fifteen years of age, evidently her daughter, who was engaged in repeating her orders to the men. I was pleased with the ingenious scheme devised for carrying this log of wood. The timber rested on a sort of cradle supported on the shoulders of the men, who came trotting onward up the hill as fast as I could ascend it at an amble on my horse. I imagine the balk of wood was drawn out of the forest in this shape for some newly erected farm close by, for they turned out of the road to the bourg, singing as they went, and shortly after I ceased to hear their voices.

"Plaisance town, which we had seen opposite us when we first beheld the valley, is what in England would be called a pretty and respectable looking village, having some very well built houses in it. It is actually within the valley, but stands high, overlooking other valleys to the east and west. From the Escalier gorge it seemed seated on the mountain side, so much is distance abridged by the attenuated air and brilliant sun of these climates. There is not much cultivation perceived in its immediate vicinity. Upon remarking this circumstance it was explained to me that the plantations were mostly on the banks of the Trois Rivières, lower down to the westward, where the general average of the *recolte* was considered high for the population. I entered the town at about four in the afternoon. A body of cultivators, or small farmers, were assembled opposite the house of the *juge de paix*, in their customary country dress, the low little-rimmed hat, sheeting trowsers, and camisette. I presume they were convened there on some judicial investigation.

"January 12th.—I rested at Plaisance for the night. In the morning so dense a fog had covered the whole valley, hiding the neigh-

bouring mountains, that I found it impossible to proceed on my journey till the sun was well up in the heavens. At about nine o'clock, the white mists began to roll themselves in cloudy masses away to the summit of the mountains, and the hills within the vale to appear like green islands in an ocean of vapour—white as the snow drift. All was restless and in incessant change. At one time near objects alone appeared: perhaps it was the pinnacled cliff that 'swelled from the vale and midway cleared the storm,' with a single cottage on its side built like an hermitage, looking down on some tranquil lake, dotted with the islets, and encircled with green meadows and woodlands, all lighted by the golden sun; then suddenly, like the changing of a dream, the misty magic came sweeping by, and transformed the near landscape into distant scenes of crags and mountains, for the huge masses, looming dull and indistinct through their vapour, seemed thrown back into the horizon many miles. The peaked summits were reared far above the rolling clouds that rose in fleeces and detached themselves from the ocean of vapour which overspread the valley. In the rainy season these misty visitations are never witnessed in the hollows, but, curtaining the upland steeps only, reek from the earth like smoke from out of the forest. In the sunnier season of the year if they pass off gradually they betoken uninterrupted sunshine from dawn to night-fall; but if they dissipate rapidly at daybreak the rain may be expected in a few hours after. In my case they gave the promise of a bright and cloudless day, so I mounted my horse by half-an-hour after nine, and threaded the road by the side of the hill, watching with delight, every wonderful transformation which the drawing of the cloudy curtain opened to me.

"My journey among these mountains presented a varied succession of stupendous prospects. Deep wooded glens commanded a long vista, among far off and misty peaks, forming a magnificent distance. Little pleasant farms were on the platforms of the declivities, amid provision and coffee plantations, with winding paths through them, climbing the blue summits of the hills. Men and women were diligently weeding their grounds, which were generally extremely clean, and neatly and regularly planted. Malangas or taiois were here more cultivated than I had generally seen them. The road meandered unceasingly along the mountain side, neither ascending nor descending; but traversing at each angle little rivulets that gushed across the way, and then tumbled in cataracts down the river, foaming over the rocks in the glen below. The scenery of these cataracts presented rocks of black ophite, fringed with bamboos and creepers interspersed with the palma nobilis. One of these little road side cascades was to my eyes extremely beautiful. The rocks had formed a sort of natural cavity like a grotto in a bower of splendid overarching bamboos, where the broad leaf of the trumpet tree was seen in contrast with its delicate foliage. A few large leaved wild gourds hung from the cliffs and the wild Indian-shot shed its crimson blossoms by the streamlet. The bamboo was prevalent all about these mountains, forming clumps on the crests of many of them, and intersecting

them frequently in straight lines—the boundary marks, I presume, of some of the old proprietorships, for they now waved their plumes amidst the forest.

“ The road descends to Camp-Coq, a little auberge within a grassy hollow on the river bank, kept by a very garrulous old woman, who was vastly loquacious respecting the natural resources of hill and valley, crag and glen hereabout. On my bringing from among the boulders and rocks of the river massive specimens of iron ore, and proving it to be so by shewing the wonders of the magnet, she told me, that a belief had long prevailed, that there was gold in the hills, and then it was said to be copper only; she now verily believed it was nothing but iron, and though that was not quite as good as discovering gold, she thought ‘il était meilleur que le cuivre,’ being to her experience an infinitely more useful metal. The people of this country seldom see any copper utensils. Their vessels and implements being all of iron, old Madame Babilliard (by a curious coincidence such was really her name), was very right in consoling herself with the wealth of iron mines so near her own door. The specimen is a foliated blue ore, crystallized with prismatic quartz, extremely pure and massive. I saw none of the yellow oxide nor the pyrites; but this last must have been occasionally found to induce the supposition that there was gold or copper. A fine grove of bombax, a species of tree cotton, covers the ravine in which the masses of ore lie as common as other fragments. The trees were thick in blossom, with large flowers of orange and scarlet spotting their broad silver green foliage from top to bottom.

“ The road to Limbé is all level, winding by the river of its own name, which we occasionally forded. It is broad, but shallow, and forms agreeable landscapes with the neighbouring mountains. There are some very fine coffee plantations by the way side, very attentively pruned, and encircled by well kept campeache hedges. The grassy woodland road is extremely agreeable, and the sea breeze wafts through the valley a healthy freshness, very remarkable to one journeying from the plains of the South. Cottages and plantations increase in frequency as we approach Limbé. They are seated within trimmed hedges, and among fruit trees as thick as groves, and indicate the possession of very enviable comfort. We met in our way groups of men and women, all respectably clad in white, returning from a funeral. They accosted us as we passed with the usual serious sort of politeness common every where.

“ Limbe is a large, clean, quiet town; the two public buildings, the general's residence, and the ‘*place*,’ are very conspicuous, with their broad shady galleries and tiled roofs. The church exhibits a neat frontage among the cottages westward. Around the whole bourg the broad leaves of the plaintain trees expand themselves in the sun. The magnificent peak of Mount Calumet is a very picturesque object, over the buildings from the grassy square.

“ Finding that the commandant, Colonel Cincinnatus Le Comte, to whom I brought letters, was not at Limbé, but at his habitation on the road, some four miles onward, I preferred going thither, rather

than staying at the town for the night, as I at first intended. It being not more than the turn of the afternoon, I felt I should be able to stroll about the fields, and see something of the cultivation of this commune. A woody road over the river, in which the caimitier with its velvet brown foliage was common, brought us to some well planted coffee fields. The shrubs formed an even-pruned plain of leaves, beneath groves of fruit trees. Cocoa nuts, avogados, palms, bread fruits, bananas, pômimes de cannelles, mangoes, caimitiers, corossols, sapodillas, oranges, &c. &c. were all intermingled, and shaded the coffee, whilst they freely admitted the circulation of the air. This is the usual mode of husbanding the plants in the warmer districts. The cottages were in the midst of this profusion of plenty and coolness, and the plantations succeeded each other, side by side, by the road on to the carrefour of the Coup of Limbé, where are situated the newly cleared lands and enclosed fields of Colonel Cincinnatus.

“Colonel Cincinnatus Le Comte was formerly a chevalier of Henry king of Hayti, and a chamberlain of the palace. After exhausting the last years of his life in this service, the fate of Christophe threw him on the favour of the republic, with all the disadvantages of one who had been associated in the dignity and fortunes of its enemy. Being recently placed in the command at Limbé, in the district in which his properties are situated, he has found an opportunity of using the pruning hook, while he wears the sword, to repair the lost fortunes of his family, and the wasted years of his manhood. His leisure is now spent in restoring the patrimonial estate of Le Comte. The ruins of the ancient sugar works, with their tower and arches, standing by the road, appear like the remains of some of the old monastic edifices of England. The grounds are in progress of being made enclosed pastures, a scheme by which they will be prepared for any species of industry, which more enlarged and more favourable relations of commerce may open to the country hereafter, whether it be in corn and pulse, or in cattle and sheep, for all which the market at present affords so limited a demand as not to make either an object of great or exclusive attention. Sugar is not worth the outlay, and coffee already absorbs the industry of every body. The general neglect of inclosures in Hayti is a great obstacle to its agricultural prosperity. They are now, however, much more attended to than heretofore. The rural law has made due provision for an observance of this requisite economy, and in many districts, such as the Artibonite and the heights of St. Mark, it is rigidly enforced by the general in command. The ‘entourages’ are of campeache. The penguin, a species of bromilia, so generally used in Jamaica, is so seldom seen here as almost to justify the assertion, that it is never resorted to.

“The neighbouring estate of Paris, once a splendid sugar plantation, is at present subdivided in donatory grants, and devoted to the growth of coffee and provisions; but Chateau Neuf, close by, is still a large well established cafeteria.

“On ascending the gorge of Limbé, after looking down with delight on the rich vale traversed by its fertilizing river, with the lordly peak of the Calumet, girt with its coronet of morning clouds, rearing

itself over all, another and a wondrous scene suddenly opens to the view. A mountain, whose base is about five miles in extent, and its height four thousand feet, a forest-mantled succession of precipices, stands detached by the sea side. Beneath, an extensive basin, like a lake with a narrow channel to the ocean, so sweeping into the main land as to give the mountain the appearance of a peninsula, spreads its glittering surface at its feet, bordered with a labyrinth of green thickets. Between the ranges of mountains, from whose descending pathway I looked down upon this scene, the narrowest portion of a plain, indenting the sea some fifty miles eastward, at one time the richest and most luxuriant spot beneath the sun, was spread out in all the rude diversity of forests and wild meadows, still a vast and splendid prospect.

“ There are some neat, clean farms, not discredibly cultivated in provisions for the city market; but they are not very frequent. In the present forests, the campeache or logwood is the prevailing timber, and in clearing the land, has the advantage over the wilderness of the Cul-de-Sac, in repaying the labour of felling it. The agriculture did not seem by any means so systematic and efficient here generally as that about Port-au-Prince; and the people, though cheerful, evidently appeared, by the kind and quality of their clothing, a less opulent class than those who frequent the city of the south.

“ On this road, the citadel of King Christophe is desecrated, crowning the summits of the Ferrier Mountain, with its head far above the rolling clouds. This wonder of that extraordinary man might be called literally a castle in the air, if it had not stood a monument of something more melancholy than his folly.

“ The Haut du Cap village is a sorry anticipation of the proud city, once graced with the title of ‘ Queen of the Antilles.’ It is a congeries of way-side cottages, grafted on the ruined walls of the old garden houses. A good wheelwright’s shop and smithy, similar to that of an English country village, is the best specimen of its industry. Three or four handsome little country houses are seen at the foot of the mountain, before arriving at it. It was at the bridge here that the royal army met the rebels of Richard, and refusing to fight, decided the fortunes of the house of Christophe.

“ The barrier of the Haut du Cap is the only road into the city. It is a wall neither thick nor lofty, perforated with a number of loop holes, and extending from the Estuary of the Haut du Cap river, which flows at the foot of the mountain, to the mountain itself, which here descends to seaward in a few green mornettes. The city is seen at some distance, having the grassy park of the Fossette, basking its green turf in the sun, dotted with some fine trees of the senna des Indes, or the pois chaca. There are a couple of pretty clumps of these trees, having the palmira raising its head in picturesque contrast among them, just as you get within the park. The road is a high bank, straight and broad, entering the city by the Rue Espagnol.

“ The destructive elements with which the Revolution worked its progress from bondage to liberty, is seen in the line of ruins that face this park, having a fountain in front. The city of the Cape is

indeed nothing but the shell of its ancient grandeur; but even here, where restoration promises the least, the eye is cheered by the sight of workmen engaged in rebuilding, in an equally shewy and substantial style, some of the ancient private edifices. A ride along the Rue Espagnol, presents a view of most of its former splendid public buildings, though it is by no means one of the better order of streets. The general effect on entering it, the intermixture of single and double storey houses, white with stucco, and its rough pavement, have much the appearance of the High Street of Northampton, with something less than even its little commerce and bustle. It is certainly much more European than Indian, in its general aspect. The extensive convent, with double arches, filling nearly the three sides of a quadrangle; the noble line of barracks or cazernes, as the French by a more appropriate name call them, with an entrance gate, exquisitely chaste in design, and the palace of the old proud aristocratical Governors, with the melancholy remnants of its terraced lawns and gardens, form a succession of ruins to the left hand—the monuments of revolutionary violence. Descending to the bord de mer, just by the walls of the new palace, commenced in the same style of grandeur as the old buildings, by the late Negro King, the portal of the ancient church, a really superb and stately edifice, is seen rearing its sculptured front in magnificent decay.

“The streets are all laid out regularly, paved but not well paved, and with the customary inconvenience of French cities—wanting a foot-path or trottoir. The houses are mostly of two stories, but seldom of three. As the little plain between the sea and the mountain, was too confined to admit of much width for streets, they are consequently without piazzas or galleries; but the houses have, in some degree, been compensated for the inconvenience, by being furnished with iron balconies and verandahs, forming a kind of corner gallery to two faces of the front, in the manner of Venetian and Italian houses; besides these there are balconies for enjoying the air at the middle windows. The roofs are furnished with heavy cornices, and the fronts of the houses are very generally ornamented with pilasters. The shop-keepers, merchants, and dealers, contrived to remedy the want of shade at mid-day, by stretching canvass awnings from side to side of the streets; for which purpose, rings and hooks had been built in the walls, and a similar practice is still observed by the present inhabitants. The general effect of the city is uniformity and elegance; the materials of the buildings are stone and brick, but covered with cement, washed with a white border on the mouldings, the cornices, and pilasters, and with a light stone-yellow elsewhere, except the basement-wall, which is universally rubble. The whole appearance, is that of neatness and cleanliness. In this respect it is in perfect contrast with Port-au-Prince.

“January 20.—Individual enterprise is doing its best to restore the ruined dwellings to a habitable condition, and the roofless walls, that pretty plentifully intersperse the city, standing out like ragged beggars amid well-dressed company, as if their decayed gentility had entitled them to be tolerated, are daily diminishing in number.

" January 28.—The Cape was certainly once a magnificent city, and is now as much superior to Port-au-Prince as St. James's to Wapping. Mr. Thompson, the British Consul here, and myself, explore it every evening. At this time, the Haut du Cap mountain is frequently a surly jade, and like a true Haytian as she is, wears a kerchiefed head, but we do not care for a little rain. At present the far off pyramidal ranges of the Ferrier, St. Raphaël, and Hispaniola, are obscured from sight, or only dimly seen; but when their magnificent outlines are lighted by the clear evening sky, and the few villages, towns, and habitations of the plain, glitter in the setting sun, there is an extent and diversity of scenery quite enough to supply unwearying objects of contemplation to the duldest eye.

" In our rambles we have not discovered any spot more favourable for a general and commanding view of the city, than a portion of the projecting base of the mountain, whose cliffy promontory shuts in the northern end of many of the streets as a Cul-de-Sac. Its elevation is about double the height of the neighbouring roofs.

" The only considerable buildings in a state of occupancy are the Custom-house, the Arsenal, and the Magazine. The Custom-house is a private dwelling, recently repaired and roofed. It was erected by Moyse, the nephew of Toussaint L'Ouverture as a palace, in all the magnificence of a colonial lord, a pride which as much filled the minds of the emancipated Negroes at that period of the revolution as the dominant Europeans before it. This costly edifice was never more than half built, but with that half it is a large and massive building. Standing by the sea side near the principal wharf, it has been judiciously applied to the purpose of a Custom-house. The Arsenal and Magazine of arms, whose roofs by the side of the chimneys of the public bake-house are immediately under the eye from the cliff, commanding a fine general view, are the well constructed ancient buildings still kept in perfect condition.

" A cluster of ruins whose roofless walls of simple architecture are seen in the upper parts of the town, immediately beneath the mountain, are the palace of Government; the tower looking building behind it, the chapel of the Cazerne; and the long pile of blue and red roofs beyond, the Convent. The eastern Façade of the palace must have had an appearance of stately elegance when its white plain extension of windows and pilasters* were broken by the foliage of tropical trees in the entrance gardens. Here the Council of the Colony held their sittings, and the Senechaussée, the Admiralty, and the administration their bureaux, and the different Greffiers kept their registers. It was formerly the lodge of the Jesuits: a subterranean passage from it to the Convent has been recently discovered. In 1768 the Jesuits' lodge being purchased by the Government, the present building now embellishing the city with its ruins was completed five years after. It was constructed in the usual style of French edifices, with a cross light, so that though it looks extensive it is narrow, and not in reality a very spacious building. The back gar-

* This Façade has forty-four perforations of windows and doors.

dens are still in cultivation, and are large, with an agreeable intermixture of fruit trees.

The splendid suit of baths by the ravine à Dorcet still show the completeness of the whole economy and arrangement observed in a building which contained usually not less than 1500 soldiers. To the north immediately adjoining are the remains of the military hospital, a stately edifice, still perfect in all things but the Government house, a ruined villa closing in one side of a grassy square, called the Champ de Mars, in the midst of which stands the palm, the tree of Haytian liberty and independence, and by it the childish absurdity of the Autel de Patrie, a platform that sets every thing in the shape of taste, elegance, or propriety at defiance.

"Still gazing down from the clifty promontory on the city with its deserted streets and ruined walls, green with flowery groups of mangoes and other fruit trees growing within them, the roofless church rears its majestic portal in the place d'armes before you. The whole details of its architecture are distinctly seen from this spot."

"After I had stood some time this afternoon with the British consul, looking down at the city from this steep, which appeared once to have had its garden and belvidere, the coolness of the air, and the settled aspect of the evening, was quite a temptation for us, to explore some of the hills and ravines of the larger mountain."

"Our pathway conducted us up a ravine, where some immense rocks had fallen and formed a sort of agreeable grotto. Here we discovered some of the covered springs that conveyed water to the city, and admired the judicious artificial falls composed of the blue serpentine rock, an imperishable grit, which conducted the upland torrents through determinate channels to the sea. It was interesting to see how, for a succession of years, these cataracts of the rainy season had swept over them, without fretting a single particle of the stone. It resists both the action of fire and water. We climbed on to a little valley, completely shut out by the hills from all sight and sound of the city. We found the remnant of fruit and flower gardens, that had been elaborately levelled into grassy plateaus, but tenanted only by some aged negro, who had acquired by undisturbed occupancy some sort of title to the spot. We saw in our walk some of those immense masses of rock which, detaching themselves from the summit, had rolled down the declivity and bedded some portion of their angles in the debris of the lower steeps, and only waited the action of fresh floods to loosen them from their resting places, and send them thundering with perilous impetuosity to the plain below.* If the variety of wild plants on these crags and in these ravines supplied little to interest one, the mineralogy would afford amusement enough to alleviate all fatigue.

"By a track different from that we climbed, we entered in our descent another rent of the mountain, where there were other covered water courses leading to the fountains of the city, and arrived at the great ravine, in which there are some breaks of cultivation. On a

* Moreau de S. Mery relates some of these occurrences in vol. i. p. 600.

little spot of ground within the gorge of this ravine, made flat by a terrace of loose stones, stands an open temple, a pyramidal roof on plastered columns, containing a cross and image of the holy Virgin. Here devotees assemble, morning and evening, at their penitential worship. A large congregation were at prayers at the time we passed, with the parochial curé officiating. It is usual for passengers to make some trifling donation here, as alms for the maintenance of the poor infirm and aged persons whom the vicar-general has distinguished as objects of charity. At the foot of this temple, right within the ravine, are some old ruined arches, like grottoes; and somewhere thereabout stood a wall, into which the bodies of the princes were thrown, after their murder in the prison. When they had remained festering in the pestilential atmosphere some days, (for during the lawless interregnum of the revolter Richard, all feared to identify themselves by sympathy with the fate of Christophe and the fallen fortunes of his throne and family,) the terror-stricken inhabitants mustered up sufficient courage to cast stones upon their bodies as they walked past, and thus hid from the sun the shame and horror of their assassination, whilst it still distressingly survived in their hearts and memories. The republican government have never taken any step to reclaim their corse from their dishonoured grave, though they pretend their unmerited fate has claimed and received their pity. The fact is, they were secretly glad at the calamity, as cutting off root and branch, sire and son, the house of Christophe, and thus extinguishing the hopes of a monarchical government. These prince were greatly beloved, and really deserved the affection of the people, from a kind and generous disposition which characterised them. They were talented, and in their youth and innocence became victims for their father's crimes.

"In our way homeward, a visit to M. Ballardelle, the French consul, who occupies one of those pretty little houses with a garden about it which we had observed from the hill, gave me an opportunity of seeing some fragments of the marble statues, with which the gates and gardens of the colonists had been embellished, when the city of the Cape bore the reputation of 'Queen of the Antilles.' These decorations were certainly costly. They were of a very pure white marble; but cut rather in a bold than a correct style.

"January 29.—I am annoyed by the incessant smack of whips which precedes the Carnival of the Mardi-gras. I have been long resident in a country where this sound is the accompaniment of humiliating human suffering, and I cannot hear this prelude of a feast without shuddering at it as the wonted accompaniment of pain and lamentation. Whilst I make this remark, it will not, I think, be considered an incident of forced association, to mention, that Haytian parents seldom flog their children. One may sit for months together in the house and never be disturbed by the street annoyance of crying urchins, and unforgiving and unfeeling mothers. The children too, it is a remarkable fact, are not generally of a very playful temperament; they are of a sedate habit, having about them nothing melancholy, but simply quiet and silent, not reserved; re-

quiring to be drawn out into the usual artless communicativeness of youth and infancy; yet not awkward and shy, being rather full of confidence, and quite au fait at what constitutes the propriety of behaviour. They are seen in the shops at a very early age, and perform their little duties of attention and service with a great air of politeness, good nature, and usefulness. In the church you will see them engaged at their infantile orisons, with as much devout demeanour as the most heart-stricken penitent there. They are really drilled into very good habits, both at home and at school, without the aid of coercion and harsh speaking. The whip is an abhorrence, and to inflict it, as a disgraceful chastisement, is a high crime and misdemeanour in Hayti. But I know it can be said, and there are many that can prove it, that all the youths above the condition of cultivators and little farmers, exhibit an early propensity to indolence and depravity. This is undoubtedly true, but inasmuch as it is not equally true that those who are engaged in agriculture present similar indications of ripeness and rottenness, it is evident that this great social evil springs out of the want of occupation. In the towns where this mass of corruption is depraving the people, there are no means of useful employment but those which flow from the activity of commerce. Merchants, shopkeepers, and artisans, form the community. Few Haytians have either capital or influence to take their station in the first class. Their educated youths may, however, find a means of creditable and respectable livelihood as clerks in the counting-houses; and at the table of European merchants see the value of preserving those habits which had early recommended them to confidence and occupation; but unhappily, in the midst of all this, comes the military system, drafting them into the regiments of the line, to herd with ignorance, indolence, and vice; to be marched from Cape Delmarie to Sumana, from south to north, from east to west, to be encamped in plains and mountains, savannas and forests, and lose all sense of the usefulness of activity in the listless luxury of repose. In the terms of the law, they may escape this military liability, by marrying early, and conducting business on their own account; but that has its evils, its perils, and difficulties. The shopkeeping interest is all absorbed by the marchandes—women who have large families to maintain by their industry, and who, by the honourable and punctual manner in which they fulfil the terms of the credit given them, have secured, exclusively, the confidence of the European merchants. The knowledge that this loose morality prevails among the men, puts them out of all competition with the women in mercantile favour and indulgence. They may turn brokers, intermediate buyers, merchants, and farmers. There, as the lightest conscience makes the lightest labour, their depravation finds its most congenial company, and dissipation its delight; so that the moment they commence being in some measure industrious, is the moment when they confirm their habits, and sink deepest in respectability and credit. The artisans having moved, from beginning to last, more humbly; having walked on more equably, and possessing a trade; having escaped the very military liabilities which others have incurred, have exemplified the imperishable truth which has made the contentment of mediocrity a

proverb. They have survived the storm and the calm, and sailed with a prosperous breeze between the two.

“Knowing all these facts, and impressed with the conviction that these people are only the creatures of uncontrollable circumstances, inert because they have no occupation, and lax in their discipline because they are thrust into improper association, I should plead strenuously for the opening of the Jamaica trade, assured, that in rendering them more useful to themselves and their country, they will be made more important to our commercial interests. Any person acquainted with the agricultural condition of our Jamaica colony, knows, that during the period when the staples of sugar and coffee yielded great returns on capital invested in their culture, the whole labouring population were devoted to that and nothing else; but that since these articles have had to struggle with the ordinary competition of the market, they have so sunk in value, that they yield not sufficient interest for the original outlay. The onerous responsibilities which the planter had incurred, however, with the merchant, in the progress of his difficulties, has left him no option in the employment of his slaves. Sugar may to him be a dead loss, but he stands pledged to his mortgagee for the proceeds its fields yield under the existing system, which has enabled him to stake his labourers as a security for his debt. The price of colonial produce, in the time of accidental prosperity, had led him into the fatal economy of being dependent on foreign importations for the food of his slaves. Had he been led to cultivate corn, rice, peas, and beans for them, he had not merely supplied the wants of his own estates, but the wants of the neighbouring towns. He would indeed have had less land in sugar, but now that commodity is at a loss, he would have been the gainer by it. Hayti has immense plains, fit for the kind of tillage required by the food in demand in the Jamaica market. She has a population, who without diminishing her present recoltes of coffee, or her existing exports of cotton, could devote a considerable portion of unoccupied time to the production of pulse and grain. She has, in her military establishments, an unemployed population, which must, when disbanded, make labour cheap. She has advantages in her agricultural system—her process of irrigation, her facilities of transport, by the cheapness of horses and cattle, which would enable her to produce the commodities with little expenditure of capital; and lastly, her lands are of so light a soil, so even and so fertile, that a system of plough-husbandry, and of general aid by machinery, would enable her existing population so to extend their resources, that she would command the market, simply by the cheapness of her productions. Her competition would be with the United States of America; but if her corn, which is better, is found at the same time cheaper, and her rice, which is firmer and more nutritious than that raised on the swampy plains of Carolina, be already more approved of, she has nothing to dread from undertaking the struggle for rivalry with countries oppressed by the burthen of slave-labour.* Thus much for the effects

* Haytian rice is usually half the price of the American, in a Haytian market.”

of an open trade with Jamaica on her tillage; its influence on her pasture farms, and its creation of a mercantile community of small capitalists, I shall discuss another time.

“January 31.—I scarcely ever climb any of the points of elevated land above the little plain of the city, without seeing objects to interest me. To-day the Consul and I took a little wild walk, through tracts which the human foot had first beat into an indented path, and the rains excavated into a narrow ravine. We find ruins of habitations, and gardens that had been formed, wherever the view had been particularly commanding. The Fossette, with its roads and green lawns, speckled with trees, had a pleasing happy sort of character, enlivened with stirring people, strolling sheep and cattle, and loaded horses and asses coming and going; and the point of low sand, and marshy level, within which the Estuary of the Haut de Cap river flowed tranquilly and bright, with its dark mangrove borders, and one or two palm and date trees, and its hill-fortress, not far distant, was very pretty. The setting sun lighting the pinnacled mountains, and shining on the most unfrequented spots of verdure around the ruinous buildings of the plain, seemed to give it an air of tillage, without its really boasting of much that was either of the useful or profitable sort. I thought some of the massy buildings of the city, ruinous as they were, were unusually grand. We saw them at their angles, so that two sides of their front were exposed to view, which, perhaps, increased their apparent magnitude. The plain is for the most part entirely neglected and unregarded, except as pasture, and its appropriation to this purpose was rather to be inferred from the cattle partially seen grazing on a few naked spots beneath the eye, than from any systematic attention to meadow making. The wood was spread in continued dark lines and patches, and the cultivation, such as it was, was much more as provision-grounds than as corn-fields; though the splendid estate of Duplau was a prominent object, beyond the magazines and cottages of Petite Anse, on the shores of the bay.”

(To be Continued.)

II.—DONATIONS AND REMITTANCES IN AID OF THE FUNDS OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, FROM MAY 14, TO AUGUST 3, 1831.

	£.	s.	d.
Mr. T. G. Parker, Uppingham (annual)	2	2	0
Mr. John Parker, ditto (ditto)	1	1	0
Mr. E. Kemp, ditto (ditto)	0	10	6
Rev. J. Green, ditto (ditto)	0	10	6
Sundries from Uppingham (donation)	0	12	6
Liskeard and East Cornwall Association (ditto)	10	0	0
Ditto ditto (payment)	7	0	0
Berkhampstead Association (ditto)	2	16	0
Brighton ditto (ditto)	7	7	0
Rochester Ladies' Association (ditto)	2	16	0
Ditto ditto (donation)	5	0	0
Edward Vale, Esq., 6, College Street, Chelsea (ditto)	5	0	0
Colebrookdale Association (ditto)	15	11	10
Thomas Piper, Esq., by Rev. J. Burnett (ditto)	10	10	0
Mrs. Pugh, by Mrs. Pownall (ditto)	0	10	0

	£.	s.	d.
Residue of a Collection made by Mrs. Powrill at Epsom	(donation)	3	0 9
Stroud (Gloucester) Association	(payment)	1	2 6
Coventry Association	(ditto)	4	18 0
Liverpool ditto	(ditto)	30	0 0
Ditto Ladies' ditto	(donation)	25	0 0
Mrs. Hannah More	(annual)	1	0 0
Horsham Association	(donation)	4	14 6
Westerham ditto	(ditto)	1	0 0
Ditto ditto	(payment)	2	9 0
Milford Association	(ditto)	0	11 2
Leominster ditto	(ditto)	3	19 2
Ditto ditto	(donation)	25	0 0
Mr. G. Withey, Melksham	(payment)	0	7 0
Dover Association	(ditto)	10	0 0
Calne ditto	(ditto)	6	6 0
Mr. G. Hall, Staindrop, Darlington	(donation)	1	0 0
Captain Stuart,	(annual)	1	0 0
Mr. Philip Sewell	(ditto)	1	1 0
Truro Association	(payment)	14	1 0
Southwark Ladies ditto	(ditto)	7	7 6
Croydon Association	(ditto)	2	10 6
Ditto ditto	(donation)	5	0 0
G. T. Clarke, Esq.	(annual)	1	1 0
Camberwell Ladies' Association	(payment)	0	4 6
A. R. Barclay, Esq.	(annual)	1	1 0
Mr. G. Jelley	(ditto)	0	10 6
Lincoln Association	(payment)	5	13 11
Hull ditto	(ditto)	14	8 0
Fordingbridge ditto	(ditto)	1	17 11
R. Reynolds, Esq. Farringdon	(annual)	1	0 0
Lewes Association	(payment)	14	4 4
Rochester ditto	(ditto)	3	12 0
Margate ditto	(ditto)	2	0 9
Beverley Ladies' ditto	(ditto)	3	12 0
North London and Islington Ladies' Association	(ditto)	3	1 10
T. W. Austin, Esq.	(annual)	1	0 0
Bury Association	(payment)	3	18 4
Alton Ladies' ditto	(ditto)	2	13 0
Gracechurch Street Ladies' ditto	(ditto)	1	8 5
Banbury Association	(ditto)	1	16 0
Ladies Anti-Slavery Society for the Emancipation and Relief of Negro Slaves for Battersea, Clapham, and their respective neighbourhoods	(donation)	25	0 0
Anonymous	(ditto)	2	5 8
Staines Association	(payment)	6	0 6
Southampton ditto	(ditto)	10	0 0
St. Ives ditto	(ditto)	2	0 6
Edinburgh ditto	(ditto)	15	0 0
Colebrookdale ditto	(ditto)	5	8 0
Bath ditto	(ditto)	20	0 0
Rastrick ditto	(ditto)	3	7 0
Stoke Newington Ladies' Association	(ditto)	2	2 10
Tottenham ditto ditto	(ditto)	4	10 9
Westminster ditto ditto	(ditto)	5	8 0
Miss Harriet Sutherland	(donation)	5	0 0



